

# The Stalker

**Rick Wakeman**

I have a feeling That there is no love anymore I only want to k  
now I'm needed And what I'm needed for

Please tell me there's a reason That someone really cares The w  
orld was meant for living And love was meant to share

If only I could see you There is so much I would say The leader  
s cannot guide us There are no leaders anyway There are no lead  
ers anyway

There's a place not a very nice place Where the war mongers go  
to stay Where the plans are lay down To keep mere mortals fight  
ing Then they plan things anyway they can To keep the power in  
the hand of greed Looking for the gods of thunder To supply the  
lightning

Oh tolling by political means Is a source of income To the men  
in suits who think they Rule with the brawn of steel See the ex  
tra letter in pain To change the word to panic There's a wound  
of evil That somehow we can heal!

Please tell me there's a reason And someone really cares The wo  
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now I'm needed And what I'm needed for